

# Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JUNE 29, 1889.

## A Terrible Accident.

PITTSBURG, June 26.—A triple collision of freight trains occurred near Latrobe, on the Pennsylvania railroad this morning. Thirty cars were wrecked and seven persons killed, four of whom were unknown tramps.

At the regular hour the west bound freight train left Latrobe, and had just reached the bridge, fifty yards west, when it collided with an extra freight coming in an opposite direction. Another east bound freight was standing on the side track on the bridge, and the wrecked trains crashed into it, causing one locomotive and a number of cars to go over an embankment into the creek a distance of fifty feet.

Engineer Caldwell and his fireman were killed instantly. The bodies are still in the creek. Brakeman Miller was terribly crushed and will die. The bodies of four tramps were taken from the wreck.

The loss to the company will be very heavy.

A dispatch from Greensburg, ten miles from Latrobe, states that a party of thirty-five workmen from Johnstown, stealing their way home, were on the train when the accident occurred. The wreck caught fire from a lime bed and the men were cremated.

James Flannigan and a companion whose name could not be learned were brought from the wreck to this city this afternoon. Flannigan was a returning Johnstown laborer, and he says twelve persons were on the car with him. He could not say whether they escaped or not. Flannigan is seriously bruised. His companion is unconscious and is thought to be fatally hurt.

## ESTIMATE OF THE NUMBER KILLED.

The following dispatch has been received from Greensburg, Pa.: The wreck at Latrobe this morning was thrilling in the extreme. Probably from thirty-five to forty lives were lost. Only four or five bodies have been taken from the wreck. They were unknown. Engineer Caldwell and his fireman are still under the wreck, and the chances are the bodies will not be rescued today. Thirty-one cars went down and are piled one upon the other.

The conduct or of the freight states that in all probability, thirty or forty men are still under the wreck, as he put off at Dry station about forty-five men coming from Johnstown. When he moved out a great many got on again.

A car load of lime in the center of the train was the last to go down, and was scattered over a pile of shattered cars, then the debris took fire, and is still burning. The arms and legs of the victims can be seen protruding from the debris. No member of the crew remains to tell of those who went down.

## Death of General Cameron.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 26.—General Simon Cameron died at 8 o'clock this evening.

The general's condition during the day was rather encouraging, and death came suddenly during a weak spell.

Up to the last attack he was conscious and had no trouble to swallow the food given him, and which he appeared to assimilate.

Around the death-bed were: Ex-attorney General MacVeagh and wife, Mrs. Holderman, James Cameron, Simon D. Cameron and wife and Mrs. David Wells, granddaughter.

The funeral will be held in Harrisburg.

## The Union Pacific Party.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., June 24.—General G. M. Dodge, president of the Denver, Texas and Fort Worth, and a director of the Union Pacific; W. H. Holcomb, vice president of the Union Pacific; J. S. Cameron, assistant to the president, are here today in a special train, making an inspection, with a view of selecting the route of the Rockford extension into this city and depot grounds.

## From Walla Walla.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., June 24.—Irwin, the brakeman who took possession of an O. R. & N. engine Saturday, and ran it up the road, and was afterwards arrested, was adjudged insane this afternoon.

Work on the Walla Walla-Dayton ex-

tension of the Hunt road began this morning. It is expected that it will be completed September 1.

## Convicts Released.

SALEM, June 26.—John Cantwell, of Wasco county, convicted of assault with a deadly weapon, and sentenced for seven years, was released from the penitentiary today. His time had been shortened by good behavior.

William Burke, of Clatsop county, sent up for two years for larceny was also discharged today.

## At Johnstown.

JOHNSTOWN, June 22.—Up to 10 o'clock this morning, eleven more bodies were recovered.

The Building committee this morning commenced the construction of fifty business houses on the public square.

Local residents put the loss of life at 10,000.

## The Chemawa School.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The interior department is advised that the superintendent of the Indian training school at Salem, Or., has forwarded his resignation by mail. The Oregon delegation have united on Rev. G. M. Irwin, of Union City, Or.

## Her Rival's Valentine.

Heavens I'll have such a revenge that all the land shall ring with the story!

And, putting spurs to his horse, he rode away without another word, simply motioning with his hand an adieu to Abel.

Mr. Moore rode slowly home, wondering how he should break the news to Ruth, and what theory he should adopt to account for Basil's absence. Mrs. Moore was waiting for him, and on that head she set his mind at rest.

"Ruth has been speaking to me about Basil," she said; "she desires that he may not be spoken of in her presence."

A wise and prudent suggestion," said Abel; "it is better that he should be forgotten."

"As one dead," said Mrs. Moore.

"But not dead," returned Abel. "I see you think as the officers and I do. Branderth insists that he has met with foul play; but that's all nonsense."

"You and Basil are the only two men I ever believed in," said his wife; "and Basil has deceived me, so I have only you left to place my faith upon."

"And I think you may trust me," replied her husband. "But, surely you do not doubt Kenard."

"He is my son; and what mother, worthy of the name, ever doubted her boy? When speaking of doubt or faith, a woman does not include her children."

"I wonder what Kenard will say?" said Mr. Moore, musing.

"What he says matters little," said Mrs. Moore; "I fear what he will do. If ever he meets Basil he will shoot him like a dog. Kenard loves Ruth dearly."

## CHAPTER VI.

### WITHIN THE NET.

The sun had gone down, and Bardolph Dimsey was at the appointed spot pacing up and down, but Vida had not come.

Fury and disappointment were on the features of the half-bred gipsy, and he stopped now and then in his walk to listen and shake his fist in impotent fury in the direction of Gordonsfells.

"Woe to her," he muttered again and again, "woe to her if she attempts to deceive me!"

At length he moved slowly toward Gordonsfells, pausing now and then to listen for approaching footsteps. But no such sounds fell upon his ear. All was still save within the house, and there he could see shadows on the blinds of lighted windows moving to and fro.

Bardolph had keen eyes, and ere long he had made out the profile of Vida in an upper room. Rightly judging that this was her own apartment he quietly crept under it, and watched and waited until he was assured that she was alone.

"I'll risk it," he muttered, and began to clamber up the thick ivy that covered that part of the old house.

Vida was indeed alone and in a restless mood. She had deliberately kept away from her appointment, believing that Bardolph would do nothing. He would be angry, of course, but she could offer him an excuse when they met again. Her idea was to keep him aloof until she would be able to get rid of him for good and all.

But here he was tapping softly at the window, and an icy chill passed through her as she realized how desperate and resolved he was.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "Oh, would that I could kill him here!"

But that being impossible, or, at least, madness, she fell back upon her first notion—to temporize with him. So she lowered the light, softly drew up the blind, and opened the window.

"Who is there?" she asked in a whisper.

"Oh, you know," Bardolph answered sulkily. "Don't try to humbug me."

"Come in," she said, and he clambered into the room.

"Now wait there a moment," she continued, "until I make all safe."

Her door was already locked, and there was only the window to close and the blind to replace.

As an additional security she drew the heavy curtains close.

Then having turned up the lamp she faced him with a resolute look.

"In the first place," she said, "I will ask you to speak low. Now tell me what you mean by coming here."

"You said you would meet me in the wood," he answered as he stared at the handsome appointments of the chamber with something akin to awe, "and you haven't been near me."

"Can I do as I please?" she asked. "Do you think that I can go in and out at all times and seasons and not be noticed?"

"You are not a servant," he said.

"No, but I am a lady, and there are restrictions attached to my position that you know nothing about."

"Then you must break through them."

"With what result, do you think?" Vida asked contemptuously. "Exposure, of course, and with exposure suspicion and disaster. We must be prudent."

"Prudence isn't in my line," he answered hoarsely.

"Then you must adopt it," Vida rejoined. "Now, mark me well. I will not come to the wood to meet you."

"You will not?"

"No. We must have a trysting-place more secure from observation. I am going to suggest one—the old belfry of the church-tower."

"I've heard it's haunted," Bardolph said.

"A village tale," returned Vida, "and it will serve us well. We shall be safe from intrusion there. The little door is never locked, and the staircase leads to the belfry above. You cannot lose your way."

"And when will you meet me?"

"To-morrow afternoon. Go early, and wait for me, and we will talk over the future together."

"I've made up my mind about that," he said with a leer. He had got over his first embarrassment and was himself again. "I am going to make you Mrs. Dimsey."

It was in the heart of Vida to strike him as he stood, and her hands impulsively clenched, but she restrained herself, and only said:

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I've got my plans worked out," he said. "May I sit down?"

"I cannot give you much more time now. The dinner-hour is near."

"I shan't be long. I've a notion for sitting in a chair like a gentleman," said Bardolph. "The ground is more in my line at present, but I'm going in for something better. Here's the sort of thing to suit me."

He threw himself into Vida's own easy-chair, and, crossing his legs, leered up at her with an impudence that was all his own.

"Will you take that little chair facing me?" he said, "and we shall be quite cozy."

She sat down, white and trembling with fury.

"Oh, for the power to wither him with lightning, as he lolled before her!"

She would have risked an age of torture for the gift of destructive power, and she would have killed him by inches.

"Now a pipe would make the thing complete," he said. "We should then be like man and wife at our own fireside."

"You can't smoke here," she answered curtly.

"No, I suppose not," he replied; "but really, this chair is nice. I don't wonder at you well people putting yourselves above the poor. I begin to feel that I am a gentleman!"

"What proposal have you to make to me?" asked Vida. "Let me hear what it is, and go. I am expecting my maid every moment."

"In the first place," he said, "you are too be Mrs. Dimsey."

"Well, you said so before."

"And, secondly, as one marriage ceremony is as good as another, I propose that we make a gipsy wedding of it."

"Why should your people know anything about it?"

"They know everything as it is," he said, "but they are as close as death. Jim the showman caught the horse—his horse, you know—and by docking his tail and mummie, and putting false marks on the brute, he got him safely away. The others helped with the grave and burial."

"What madness to trust anyone!" hissed Vida. "I never dreamt you were such a fool."

"Could I do it all alone?" he asked; "but don't you fear. Ten thousand pounds reward would not tempt them with the fear of Hecate's curse before their eyes."

"And who is Hecate?"

"The head of our tribe—the mother of us all, and I am her darling child—a good thing for me, isn't it?"

"I don't know," said Vida indifferently. "So I am to be married among your people—what next? Am I to live with them?"

"No," said Bardolph, eagerly bending forward; "we must leave them. I want to get away, and I would have gone long ago if I durst, but they know too much of me, and I know too much of them. It wasn't safe."

"Is it safe now?"

"Yes, for I've lied to 'em; I've told 'em that I'm going away with you for a year."

"Oh, Heaven!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Do not mind me, go on."

"For a year only, and they've consented. And you've money, haven't you?"

"I have a few thousands in my own right," said Vida coldly.

"Thousands!" he repeated with gleaming eyes. "Come, that's brave. We could go away, right across the seas, and live like a lady and gentleman together. I'm madly in love with you, I am, and I'll be your dog, your slave—anything."

He had risen up, and was approaching her, but she motioned for him to keep back.

"You have taken me by surprise," she said. "I must have time to think."

"I can't wait," he returned, "my blood's afire. I'm not a moment free from you. I'm haunted by your beauty. It's like a sweet scented flower, and I can't rest until I've made you my wife."

"Don't touch me now," she said hurriedly. "I agree with your proposal. To-morrow night I will come to the camp, and we need not meet in the belfry until the next day."

"But when we are married we shall go away together."

"Be reasonable and prudent," said Vida, still speaking hotly and hurriedly; "there are some things I must do. I must collect my jewelry."

"Aye, your jewelry," he said, nodding his head.

"And get some money to enable us to get away. I will write to my lawyer to-night. He will write to me to-morrow. On the following morning I shall have the money."

We meet at the belfry at noon, and leave together. There, you see, I agree. In God's mercy leave me now!"

The words poured like a torrent from her lips, and even while speaking to him, her mind, wrought to a high pitch of excitement, was seeking some loophole to escape from the net she had cast about herself.

"You will not disappoint me?" he said, bending forward, with his hands working nervously.

"No, no," was her reply, "as I hope to live I will do all I have promised. Go now."

"One kiss, my love."

"Oh, why do you stay? I can hear my maid coming. Unless you would spoil all you will leave me."

"I can't without a kiss," he said.

"Quick then," she said, and, steeling herself for the ordeal she turned her cheek towards him.

He put his arms about her and drew her to him. She felt his lips hot and dry upon hers, and it seemed as if she had been seared by a hot iron.

"One more."

"Do you want to kill me?" she asked, but he was not to be denied, and again he kissed her.

Then, with an exultant laugh, he darted to the window and divided the curtain. She, with her mind in a whirl, had yet sufficient sense to turn down the lamp again.

"Good-bye, my love," he said, kissing his finger-tips.

"Good-bye," she answered faintly.

He raised the blind, opened the window, and stepped lightly out.

"To-morrow night," he said, and disappeared.

She heard the rustling of the ivy as he descended, and feared to hear him challenged by one of the servants, but no other sound broke the stillness of the night.

In a few moments she breathed more freely, and restored the room to its original condition. Then she went to a cabinet in a corner of the room, opened a drawer in it, and took out a small dagger of exquisite temper and workmanship.

"As a last resource," she murmured, "for him or me."

## CHAPTER VII.

### A MIDNIGHT WEDDING.

Bardolph Dimsey stole softly across the park, and entered the wood that was on its borders. Here for a few moments he paused, to dwell, lover-like, on the rapturous prospect before him.

He had as good as won the woman he adored, and who but a few days before had stood so high above him that to look at her was an act of audacity, and to speak to her to court punishment.

His nature was strong and sensual. The animal was predominant in him. Despite his boasted blood he had none of the finer instincts that belonged to a cultivated life.

He knew no pleasure like gratification of his passions, and never troubled himself how success was obtained.

Repentance for the crime he had been guilty of never so much as dawned in his heart. The germ of sorrow was not there, and could never be developed. The only thought that troubled him on that score, and troubled him very little, was in a torment, he was as gipsy intoxicated, and when he reached the gipsy encampment, Bluebell Bell, he reeled like one who had been drinking.

Around a fire were seated about a dozen men, women, and children, whom he passed by without a word, and threw himself down at the entrance of a low tent under which sat the old woman, Hecate, apparently asleep.

"Mother," he said breathlessly.

"Ah, is that my bonnie boy?" said the old woman, opening her eyes. "Well, what news—what news?"

"I have won her," he answered hoarsely; "we are to be married here to-morrow night."

"So, my bonnie boy—ah, she is beautiful," murmured the old woman.

"She is a rare gem of a woman," he said; "I'd rather live with her a week, than pass a lifetime with any other woman I know."

"You have made your choice," said Hecate, holding up a trembling finger, "so did your mother before you."

"What do you mean? What has my mother to do with it?" he asked.

"Evil came of her union with the house-dweller," answered the old hag.

"That's all nonsense; evil comes any way," he said. "I'll take her and risk it."

"She will not dwell with us."

"No matter."

"Did you ask her?"

"I did," he replied with the lie ready to his lips. "I begged of her to think of the love you bore me."

"That was right, my bonnie boy."

"But she would not. For a year we shall live away, and then in some other spot far away we will come to you."

"A year is a long time, Bardolph. I am getting old."

"You will live for many years," he urged, "and you must spare me for a year to make my life a happy one. My wife will bring beauty and money among our people."

"No good ever came of mixing the blood," said Hecate, rocking herself to and fro. "Why could you not fall in love with one of our own girls? they are bright and bonnie, they are brave at telling fortunes, they have ready fingers, and you need not work and would never want."

"Mother," he said. "I have chosen; let things be as they are."

"Well, it shall be so," she said. "To-morrow night, you say?"

"Aye, that is the time; and as soon as the wedding is over you must strike your tents and move on."

"It shall be done," murmured the old woman, "but I do not like it. Evil came of your mother's love for the house-dweller—evil, evil!"

Bardolph glanced at her impatiently, and the old woman mumbled on:

"For years we prospered at nothing, disease ravaged us, the law scourged us, the house-dwellers were bitter against us, and I know who set them on. It was your father—a curse on the day that we first saw him!"

When she got upon this theme, Bardolph knew that she would go on musing for hours, heedless of all around her, so he rose up quietly and joined the band around the fire.

When he gave his own version of the victory he had obtained, and bid his friends prepare for the coming wedding, laughter and coarse jests abounded, and the men drank and smoked far into the night.

At length all but Bardolph were asleep, and he lay in his own tent, dreaming of the joyous life in store for him.

He cared nothing for his people, and had long grown tired of old Hecate's maudlin over him, although he had ever been careful to conceal his weariness. A new existence was open to him.

"I shall have money, fine clothes, and live the life of a gentleman," he thought exultingly, "and I shall have a woman at my side that all men will long for. It will be brave living."

It was within measurable distance; only one day more of his present life, and then he would be free of all the dirty miserable surroundings of his nomadic existence. For very joy he could have leapt up and shouted his loudest.

He rose early, and stole quietly to the shrubbery in the park, and crouching there watched for signs of Vida at her window, and was rewarded, after hours of waiting, by seeing her open the lattice.

Then he went back to the gipsies' camp, but was soon out again, and so went to and fro throughout the day.

(Continued next week.)

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